

Poetry Series

floyd biggie hwende
- poems -

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floyd biggie hwende(24 april 1994)

I Love You

With fairness of beauty
And a stunning looks
She took the mighty into captivity
She is a jewel
Rose with an exceptional scent
She turns a lot more than a few heads
Her voice arouse desire even in the dead man
The eunuch defiles themselves in her presence
She is one of a kind.
If every beautiful lady was an angel
She would have been an arch angel of light
For her beauty glow when smile
you can tell when it will train looking at her
my hair rise like pricks at the site of her beauty
my heart sore when I inhale her scent as she take a few stapes away from.
Ohh let me not meditate on her beauty
The rise and falls of her
Faith will, if not I will, then she
Be mine love then will.

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Little Light

This wind that roar like a lion
Like a mighty wave against a rock
I fear for this little fire lit near the beach
Listen you little fire
Don't be proud
Don't boast about your glow
It fades like the clouds after a mighty storm
It will sink like waters poured on sandy soils
Be steady like the ocean flow
Be like unshakable mountains
Be like them
I won't worry if your path was fine
I won't cry if your fire wasn't smoky
But it is
Sure it is and I worry

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My Life

Born a fool and weakling
Born poor I was
Fought like a lion
Ran like a hyena without tiring
And got to this place

The journey is still there
It is still night and day is still to come
Yet I hope and run without fear
Tiring or stopping

Tell me where the resting place is
Where the victor rest their heads
Where the might worry not about battles
Tell me
Where can I open my eyes and see a blue sky
Feel the cool breeze of joy and success.

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Oh My Love

Oh my love
Oh highly honour among ladies
One with beauty that robes the wise of their wisdom
Fool trapped in their folly
grant me favour and hearken to my voice

To whose voice shall I hearken?
For what reason should I dearest stranger
If not should I flee for my life
Look my journey is long

For I would let you go if it wasn't for your beauty
Which hath taken me captive
I would be pleased to know which angel from haven have favoured me
I would let thee on thy journey if would know how to call thee

Peace be unto thee
For I be a mere being
Flutter me not
For I was born and given a name like thee

If I have found favour may I know?
For your beauty I can't stand
It's as if I have met the hostess of perfection of beauty
Let me know they name so I may call which goddess I have met
Lest I work up from this wonderful dream

Dear brother complement I may take
Flutter is sweet but melts at the touch of the tongue
Spare me of it least my heart may be wormed
To expectation of cold days dream
And by the way this humble being Chanty by name

I hope my earthly tongue and lip shall be able to mould this wonderful name
Highly honoured is Biggie, meaning valuable
Yet being able all days I have met value this day
Shall I then if I may
For your beauty have taken my heart captive
If this be not a dream let mine lips call the Maddamti

For what cause honourable sir
It can be an abomination
One which may cause drought for years to come
For I the only daughter of my mother
The pride of my mother
Kept like queen
Preserved not for commoners

Commoner I may be
Yet my heart and love for thee is not common
For i am the only son of my father
Guided and groomed only for a queen

If it was not for thy cause I would have
But as I stand with you I feel the cool breeze of the love
I wish I can take you home

Oh sir let thy words not bribe the heart
For beauty is common as stones but if this is the one you like
Please wait for here on the morrow by
This time then only then shall I listen to thy fluttery

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What Will Become Of

Yes we are the best
We won the battle we came for
We overtook the mighty and the swift
And we emerged victors
Caped by the chancellor
Celebrated by the aspiring
Yet welcomed by worries
And realization of the fact of life
Everyone who went before us looks back and regret then hopes for a better day
Now who cannot suffer this common fate
In a world where graduates are teachers
Doctors are over seas
The leaned are in the streets
Were the hard working receive what cannot return their used strength
What then shall become off me
A drop added in the sea of the unemployed population
Yet I am not the only one
Will I die reaping peanuts?
Or die an occupational nomad
What will become of me?
In the world were connections and corruption
Are the only qualification that grant you an opportunity
What then will become of the poor,
Isolated and lonely citizens
What will become of them?

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